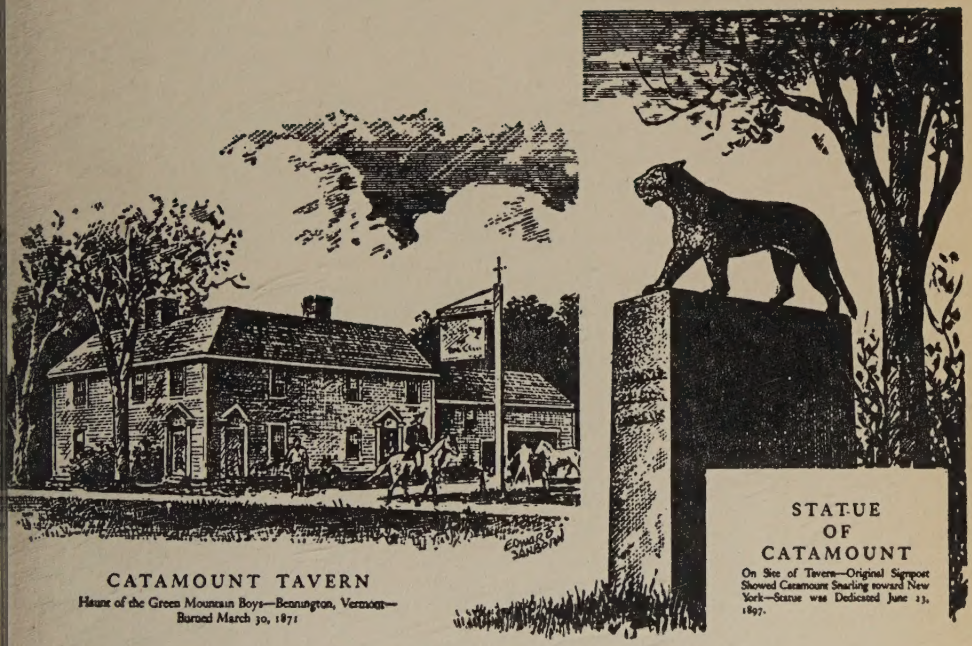
VERMONT *Quarterly*



CATAMOUNT TAVERN
Haunt of the Green Mountain Boys—Bennington, Vermont—Burned March 30, 1871

STATUE OF CATAMOUNT
On Site of Tavern—Original Signpost Showed Catamount Snarling toward New York—Statue was Dedicated June 23, 1897.

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XVIII
No. 4

OCTOBER
1950

FREEDOM VERMONT UNITY

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 112th Year

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as Amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946.

Of the Vermont Quarterly published Quarterly at Burlington, Vermont, for October 1950, State of Vermont, County of Chittenden, ss.

Before me, a resident in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. W. Peach, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Business Mgr. of the Vermont Quarterly and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont; Editor, A. W. Peach, Montpelier, Vermont; Managing editor, A. W. Peach, Montpelier, Vermont; Business manager, A. W. Peach, Montpelier, Vermont.

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A. W. PEACH, *Editor*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1950.

PLINY F. MORSE
(My commission expires Feb. 10, 1951)

New Series • *Price 75 cents* • Vol. xviii No. 4

VERMONT *Quarterly*

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

October 1950

The PROCEEDINGS *of the*

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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This publication and its companion monthly, *VHS News and Notes*, are supplied without charge to all members. Full information about classifications of memberships will be sent gladly to any interested reader who sends a query to the Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont.

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ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, *Editor*

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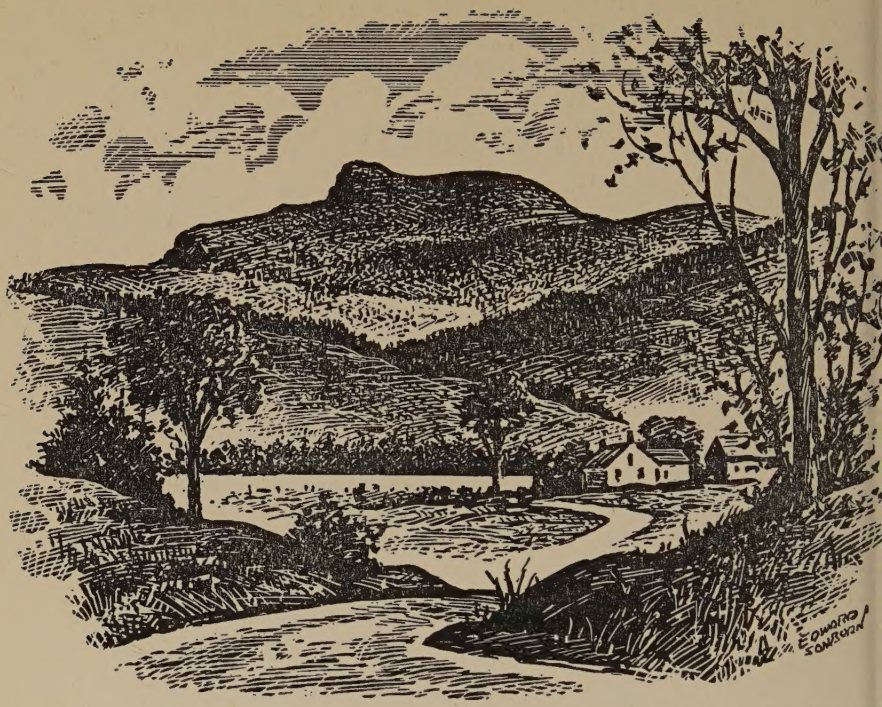


CAMEL'S HUMP MOUNTAIN NEAR WATERBURY, VT.

HERALDRY IN THE HILLS

Champlain, as he scanned it, imagined he saw
A lion there couchant, his head and a paw.
Successors imagined a camel instead:
They took for a hump what he took for a head.

A poet who loves it is certain that Fate
Intended the mountain to stand for a State,
Content like the camel, to stoop and to bear,
Alert, like lion, to guard and to dare!

Wendell Phillips Stafford

HISTORY THIS SIDE THE HORIZON

By Allan Nevins
Professor of American History, Columbia University

This eloquent, moving, and thoughtful address on vital issues of historical interpretation and understanding, often forgotten or overlooked today, was delivered at the annual meeting of the Society in Montpelier, Vermont, on July first of this year.—EDITOR.

We have all, at some time or other, wished that *we* had been placed where we might see great epochal events pass before our eyes, and record them in the glowing prose of an excited onlooker or participant. If only *we* had been at Waterloo to see Napoleon's Old Guard falter and retreat before the British squares; if *we* had stood in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles to witness the German acceptance of the peace treaty painted by Orpen! Henry W. Nevinson in *The Dark Backward* has vividly depicted a series of memorable scenes from history: the ten thousand battered, exhausted warriors of Xenophon reaching the shore of the dark blue Euxine; grim Diocletian at Spalato watching the martyrdom of a group of Christians; Prince Hal's forces on St. Crispin's day in fierce onset against the French knights, the incessant blows on armor sounding like hammers on a thousand anvils; Napoleon at Jena, triumphant as the cuirassiers swept by him. If only, we think, we could have seen such events! Or, better still, if we could have had the chance that John Hay and John G. Nicolay had when they were chosen secretaries to live and work with Lincoln throughout the Civil War. Instead, we seem never to see or hear anything of true historical significance, of dramatically memorable quality; we never talk with the great personages of our time, and know nothing of state secrets.

In this view of the past there lurk two fallacies. The first is our exaggeration of the advantages possessed by men at the heart of great events. It is true that a Winston Churchill does now and then appear, a leader who not only participates in great events, but sees them with the eye of an imaginative historian while they are being enacted. It is true that more frequently a man can play such a role as that of John Hay, who sat with perceptive eye in the White House

during the four years of Civil War and wrote about it afterward, or Ray Stannard Baker, who went with Woodrow Wilson to Paris and in due course dealt in historical prose with the events he had witnessed. It is a fact, however, that in general the participants in great historical events or the onlookers at memorable historical scenes know much less about them than those who come afterward. They are too busy and excited to observe, or they see only one facet of a many sided transaction, or they are precluded by their special routine duties from taking note of the activities about them. It was not the men in the front line of Pickett's charge who understood most fully the battle of Gettysburg. When we think enviously of the opportunities that a British or American Cabinet officer has for knowing what is going on, that man may frequently be complaining that he knows less than a newspaper reporter.

It is literally true that some members of Lloyd George's Cabinet (not the inner War Cabinet which directed affairs but the outer general Ministry), working night and day, knew less about World War I than the freely observant man in Regent Street or Pimlico. Nor is this situation unusual. I have lately seen a manuscript letter written by the Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's Cabinet, Salmon P. Chase, to Senator Zachary Chandler of Michigan in the late summer of 1862, at the very time that the Emancipation Proclamation was being issued. Chase declared that he knew nothing about public affairs. Day after day he toiled at his Treasury desk over figures of revenue and outgo, over plans for raising money and checks upon expenditures. But a broad picture of the colossal conflict then raging he never obtained. He wrote:

> Maryland has been rescued and Pennsylvania saved from invasion. But the rebel army has suffered far less than our own in the battles of the last two weeks, and has strong positions which it should never have been permitted to win. What now? Who can tell? I, though charged with the responsibility of providing for the enormous expenditures entailed upon the country, have no control over—no voice even—in deciding on the measures by which the necessity for them is created. In fact, I know about as little of what is being done as any outsider.
>
> Neither credit nor responsibility for what is done or decided outside of the Treasury Department belongs to me. . . . There is . . . at the present time no Cabinet except in name. The heads of Departments come together now and then . . . nominally twice a week; but no reports are made; no regular discussions held; no ascertained conclusions reached. Sometimes weeks pass by and no full meeting is held. One can get some information about military matters if he will make due inquiry at the War Department or about Naval matters at the Naval Department: but full systematic accounts of the progress

of the struggle; the purpose entertained; the means and modes of action by or against us, are neither made nor given, nor required.

In short, when Secretary Chase wished to know how the Civil War was being conducted, and what the government in general was doing, he had to send out for a copy of the New York *Herald.*

The second fallacy is the idea that we ordinary men and women have no opportunity to observe matters of first-rate historical interest. The fact is that history lies all about us if we have eyes to see it. It lies about us not merely in times of war and crisis, but in everyday humdrum times. Everyone sees immediately that if he had been an English village priest in the days of Crecy and Agincourt, even in a quiet hamlet of Surrey or Norfolk, he would have had matter to record that would greatly interest twentieth century students of history. Everyone realizes that if he or she had been a plain yeoman farmer or a housewife in Revolutionary days, living anywhere—in Virginia, in the Brandywine or Wyoming Valley, in the district between Saratoga and Bennington—and had possessed even a crude use of the pen, a record would have emerged upon which readers of our day would pounce with avidity. But a century hence, five centuries hence, *our* descendants will think of us as living in the most romantic, the most colorful, the most exciting of times; and they will wonder that we did not leave multitudinous records of the fascinating changes, the tremendous innovations, which swept and swirled all about us.

"Just think!" they will say. "Those hardy Vermonters dwelt in the era of the last decades of the railways, with their great express-trains thundering along roads of steel, and first decades of the airplane, then so primitive that people marvelled at air-lines that crossed the Atlantic in twelve hours—not twelve minutes, but hours—and at craft that carried a hundred—not a thousand, a pitiful hundred passengers. They dwelt in a time when radio had just lost its novelty, and when in many a humble village people could yet be found who had never seen a television screen. Synthetic fabrics were yet so new that millions still used the quaint cotton and woolen garments of their forbears; and synthetic foods had not yet transformed the old-style grocery stores with their thousand curious and odorous products based on the land. Countless men vividly remembered the uncomprehending awe with which, as a hundred thousand people lay dead in faraway Hiroshima, they heard the epochal announcement of the birth of atomic energy—the announcement that heralded a new era far more distinctly than the fall of Rome or the discovery of a New World by Columbus."

Our extraordinary advantages as observers of living history in this tempestuous year 1950, in the very center of the most terrible and wonderful century mankind has up till this time known, would be perfectly clear to us if we could stand for a moment at the vantage point of (say) the year 2100 A.D. It would be clear because time would give us a perspective which now only imagination can supply—and few of us have very much imagination. Few have even the elementary type of imagination which would enable us to comprehend that the most vital elements of history are not the hey-rub-a-dub events taking place in the Senate in Washington, or at No. 10 Downing Street, or in the offices of the Kremlin; they are instead the humble day-by-day events which register the impact of sweeping economic and social changes upon the masses—the events which exhibit our growing utilization of the air for communication or transportation, of synthetic chemistry for clothing and food, and of the atom for energy. Emerson once congratulated Thomas Carlyle on his imagination as a historian. "I think," he wrote, "you see as pictures every street, church, parliament house, barracks, baker's shop, mutton-stall, forge, wharf, and ship and whatever stands, creeps, rolls, or swims thereabout, and make it all your own." This is a good kind of imagination; but better still is the imagination which sees all these commonplace scenes changing, evolving, taking on new shapes and glowing with fresh life.

Macaulay penned a famous passage upon the nature of history which I have sometimes felt could aptly be turned into modern American phraseology. He was pointing out the inadequacy of the stiff brocaded history which Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson had devoted to wars, monarchs, and state events. This left out the homely life of the plain people, which only the historical novelists had theretofore touched. "A truly great historian," wrote Macaulay, "would reclaim those materials the novelist has appropriated. We should not then have to look for the wars and the votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*, for one half of King James in Hume and the other half in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. . . . Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest, from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw, from the throne of the legate to the chimney corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders, the stately monastery with the good cheer of its refectory, and the tournament with its heralds and ladies, and trumpets and the cloth of gold, would give truth and life to the representation."

Convert this passage into terms appropriate to our own time and place, and we can see what an opportunity the townsman of Rutland, the officeholder of Montpelier, and the rude farmer of Windham possesses to record materials for history, or to write history itself. "A truly great historian," we would say, "must reclaim those materials which Dorothy Canfield and Robert Frost have appropriated. We should not then have to look for wars in Parkman and Douglas Freeman, and for the struggles of Republican and Democrat in James Ford Rhodes, while we searched for the customs of the hill farmer in Walter Hard, the speech of the north-country Yankee in Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome* and *Summer*, and the tricks of the Concord or Montpelier politicians in Churchill's *Coniston*. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest; from the marble mansions of Manchester and Woodstock to the den of the prohibition hijacker, from the quiet study of the university president to the blaring din of the corner drugstore as teen-agers feed the jukebox, from the college youth on the ski-tow to the lumberjack, from the proud Proctors to the despised summer resident. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders, Fuller brush men, the ornate resort hotel with the good cheer in its cocktail lounge, the State Fair with its heralds, ladies, two-headed pigs, the swing-bands and the nylons, would give truth and life to the representation." For in these terms we define the history that coming generations will cherish.

Too scornful of what is commonplace today, we forget that in half a century it will begin to seem romantic—"romance draws in with the six-fifteen"—and that in a century much of it will obviously possess transcendent social significance. And we are often misled by a plain, homely, even vulgar exterior into overlooking rich lodes or ore that lurk just under the surface. At Columbia University we have lately made a prolonged, carefully planned, and adequately financed effort to expose and quarry some of the veins of historical material that branch all about us. Our Oral History Project, as it is termed, has undertaken to interview in systematic fashion, according to a well-studied pattern, scores upon scores of men and women whose lives seem of significance to the community. They are asked, before it is too late, to pour out their reminiscences into the faithful ear of a wire recorder; these memoirs are then transcribed; the persons interviewed carefully edit, and if they like, expand their story; and the result, duly signed, is placed in the University Archives under whatever restrictions the donor wishes to impose. Already, within the space of a year and a half, we have obtained the stories of

men who have taken their memories into death's dateless night. We rescued from oblivion Burton J. Hendrick's account of how he, Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and others made *McClure's Magazine* great in muckraking days. We preserved the late Dr. Joseph Collins's narrative of how he treated Henry James and other distinguished men for mental ailments, and how he founded the Neurological Institute. Some 110 life stories, aggregating more than eleven thousand typed manuscript pages, have now been taken down from the lips of more or less distinguished people. It is obvious that the memoirs of Norman Thomas, for example, or Judge Learned Hand, or Walter Lippmann must have enduring historical value. But it is extraordinary how frequently a person of outwardly ordinary antecedents and appearance, who might seem to have lived an uneventful life, has a record of striking originality and value to relate.

Suppose yourself travelling from Chicago to New York with the author of that shrewdly perceptive but somewhat supercilious volume called *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*. In the smoking car the attention of Mr. Sinclair Lewis and yourself is drawn to a gentleman who might very well have known Coolidge. He looks like the type. He is clearly a prosperous businessman. He is reading not Homer or Shakespeare, but *The Nation's Business*. He is plump, bald, bespectacled; Mr. Lewis would call him pudgy. He looks a bit like Mark Hanna's pictures. His conversation betrays the fact that he is an advertising man; worse still, he has for many years been a Chicago advertising man. As he speaks of his acquaintance with Herbert Hoover, Sinclair Lewis draws back in repulsion.

But Mr. Lewis would be missing one of the many exciting men in our business-minded nation; for the materialistic, obese, ordinary-looking fellow-traveller has played a leading role in several important events and developments. His name, A. D. Lasker, might not mean much to us. His ordinary conversation, while showing wisdom and breadth, might not seem highly impressive. It is only when the lens of Oral History is turned upon him that the significance of his busy life becomes plain. For Mr. Lasker, as head of one of the two or three greatest advertising firms in America (Lord & Thomas), did more than any other man to transform the nature of American advertising. Its guiding principle until he came upon the scene had been "Reiterate the name! Keep the name of the product before the people!" His labors gave it a new guiding principle: "Explain just what your product will do! Educate people in its specific merits!" For senseless iteration ("Mellen's Food: Babies Cry for It") he

substituted education ("Ivory Soap: It Floats"). To name but one of Mr. Lasker's feats, he was the man who, more than all others combined, made it permissible and popular for women to smoke cigarettes. And further use of the lens of Oral History showed that Mr. Lasker had other significant pieces of history to reveal. As head of the Shipping Board just after World War I, he was on intimate terms with Warren G. Harding and was able to study shrewdly that President's character. He had encouraged Walter Teagle of Standard Oil to carry to Harding advance information of the dishonesty of Albert B. Fall in the Teapot Dome lease. As an associate of Walter Wrigley in the ownership of the Chicago White Sox, he had been in the midst of the famous Black Sox scandal, and had himself drafted the plan which made Kenesaw Mountain Landis the autocrat of baseball.

Not every community has in its midst an Albert D. Lasker; or a Jackson Reynolds, able to tell at length the history of the founding of the Bank for International Settlements; or a Reuben Lazarus, able to expose (for posterity, not for the present day) the inner workings of Tammany Hall, and to relate how he served as defense counsel for Jimmy Walker at the dramatic hearings before Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt which ended in Mayor Walker's resignation. But every community does possess men and women who, though they often do not realize it themselves, have stories to tell which posterity will find significant and engrossing.

One token of our failure to recognize that history lies this side the horizon, and indeed all about us, is found in the excessive preoccupation of Eastern historical societies with the Revolutionary epoch, and of Western historical organizations with the pioneer era. The two greatest and richest historical associations in America, the Massachusetts Historical Society and New York Historical Society, were established one just before and the other just after the year 1800. Their chief founders, Jeremy Belknap and John Pintard, had lived through the Revolutionary period. It was natural that these societies should long devote themselves to the heroic age of the struggle for independence and for a durable Constitution—to the years 1765–1800. In due time the concentration of historical attention upon the late Colonial and Revolutionary epoch was somewhat mitigated by the occurrence of another great heroic era, that of the Civil War, which excited men's imagination and aroused their commemorative instincts. But too much of our organized historical activity still appertains to the infancy and adolescence of the republic. It is too seldom recognized that we have enacted a fuller, prouder, and more

complex history in the fifty years from the installation of Theodore Roosevelt to V-E Day than in any other period of American past; that we have made in this fifty years our richest record of martial, political, social, and intellectual achievement; and that our descendants will think us fortunate to have lived in this era as Englishmen hold fortunate those who lived in the age of Elizabeth, and Frenchmen those who shared in the glories of the age of Louis XIV.

In making this plea for a realization that the stuff of history is not something altogether remote in time and distant in place, I do not wish to be misunderstood. No one has a higher respect than I have for the dignity of history. That our best written history requires a perspective which only time can impart; that it is necessarily the fruit of long and wide research; that it is seldom composed except by men who have undergone long and arduous training; that it demands literary talent of a high order; and that it must be invigorated and ennobled by a strong moral impulse—this I fully believe. What is history? Theodore Roosevelt said that history is a vivid and powerful presentation of scientific matter in literary form; and it would be difficult to improve upon this statement. I do not believe that Tom, Dick and Harriet can write history in this sense, or should annoy the world by trying. John Burroughs once remarked that not one man in five hundred can make any observations upon nature that are worth recording. He might have added that not one in five hundred thousand is capable of recording them as Henry Thoreau or Gilbert White of Selborne did. So it is with history conceived in the austerest sense.

But history is a house of many mansions. I do believe that many persons now inert or timid might record historical matter of enduring importance; and that they would do so if they disabused themselves of the notion that history is far away beyond the blue horizon. The fact is that the garments of Clio float about us and by resolutely putting out our hands, anyone of us who is shrewd, observant, and careful can grasp them. Particularly is this true of the great field of social and cultural history—a field in which the village, the provincial town, and the state capital are as important as Washington or London.

Let me quote from another unpublished letter; a letter written almost precisely a hundred years ago by a historical craftsman who believed that history lay all about him—Benson J. Lossing. Mr. Lossing, who belonged to the race of itinerant scholars exemplified by Henry Howe and John W. Barber, wrote three works now too much neglected—his *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*, and *Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War*.

Upon the first-named work Lossing expended more than eleven thousand dollars, then a fortune, before he received a cent of return. He wrote on November 27, 1851, to David L. Swain, president of the University of North Carolina, of his patient, self-sacrificing, laborious efforts to obtain historical materials from the lips of men who had witnessed great events and changes, from traditional family narratives, and from visits to interesting scenes and old buildings:

> The fact is, my dear sir, I visited the various important localities of the Revolution, under the great disadvantage of being an entire stranger in person and name, and "utterly unknown to fame." I sought out the various places with patient perseverance, and the men from whom I might obtain information, I looked for upon the ground of each event. I know not, personally, a single individual in North Carolina, and I had but one solitary letter of introduction to a gentleman in your state, and that was to the excellent Dr. Wilson of Hillsborough. Even that letter was from a hand, personally unknown to me. Under other peculiar disadvantages, I made the long journey, not the least of which was the claim of the business of my profession, my source of livelihood. Yet, through God's providence, I have accomplished the journeyings, and trust that I have not omitted any place of great general importance. . . . I know that our general histories have given comparatively little of the Revolutionary struggle in the Carolinas, and would lead one to think that they were only the cockpit in which the combatants fought, without furnishing much of the *sentiment* of the Revolution. I have no such appreciation of the matter; on the contrary, I see in the Carolinas, and particularly in the "Old North State," patriotism as deep and abiding, and as early and efficiently manifested as in Boston, Boston the boasted 'Cradle of Liberty'. . . .
>
> My greatest difficulty has been to discriminate as to what material was most essential to be used and what to omit, so that my work should not be prolix, and too voluminous for popular circulation; for to make the work too large and expensive for the mass of our reading population, would defeat one of the prime objects of my efforts—the placing of a topographical and historical view of our Revolutionary struggle, in a simple manner, before my countrymen. But in this condensation I have not been partial, and my narrative of events in the South will be found quite as minute as of the North.

I like also to think of Henry Howe, the author of the *Historical Collections of New York*, and similar books upon Virginia and above all of Ohio, jogging over a country road in his plain buggy, drawn by his old white horse, pausing at every hamlet and town to talk with the older inhabitants, and record their recollections of historic men and events; collecting newspaper clippings, letters and other materials for the delightful historical grab-bags that he compiled. The methods of such men as Howe and Lossing left much to be desired; the spirit in which they worked was altogether admirable. History to them

was not to be found only in remote times and places, beyond the blue horizon; it lay all about them and they gathered it up as eagerly as ever Argonaut gathered a bag of treasure.

Be assured that many of us have a similar opportunity to collect and lay by historical gold. The most difficult part of history to obtain is the record of how plain men and women lived, and how they were affected by the economic, social, and cultural changes of their times; the most fascinating part of history is this same record. The Rev. William Gordon of Roxbury, Massachusetts, struck in 1776 "with the importance of the scenes that were opening upon the world," resolved to write a big bow-wow history of the Revolution. His work is now so dead that few know it exists; but the humble diaries of everyday events by Ezra Stiles, William Bentley, and others of the period are immortal. George Bancroft's biography of Martin Van Buren is utterly forgotten, but Philip Hone's prosaic everyday record of eating, drinking, talking, reading and travelling in Van Buren's time is a perennial joy to readers, and an ever-fresh depiction of life in oldtime New York. We may have many excuses for not setting down historical material, and some of them may be valid. But we do not have the excuse of never seeing matter of enduring historical importance, for it lies around us as the sea lies around the mariner.

The FOUNDATION OF A STATE

Any study concerning the history of our state emphasizes in turn our traditions, and I believe that the traditions of any state or nation comprise in large measure the foundation upon which the future state is built. We naturally are giving a great deal of thought to the trials and tribulations of current affairs, and unfortunately this crowds out our thinking of great deeds and people of our past.

Mortimer R. Proctor
Governor of Vermont 1945–1947

A VERMONT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY

A CENTENNIAL ADDRESS (1850-1950)

By Ernest Martin Hopkins
Chairman of the Board, National Life Insurance Company

This Newcomen Address, dealing with the beginnings and growth and contributions of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vermont, and celebrating its 100th Anniversary, was delivered during the "1950 Vermont Dinner" of The Newcomen Society of England, held in the Pavilion Hotel, Montpelier, when Dr. Hopkins was the guest of honor, on July 13, 1950. The address in tracing the history of the Company also traces accurately certain phases of the history of the State. The address is printed through the courtesy of the National Life Insurance Company and the Newcomen Society. For further details see the Postscript. —EDITOR.

Had we engaged a professional script-writer for the centennial we celebrate today, he might properly have specified in his scenario—"*Snow*," or possibly "*Ten Below*." For the National Life Insurance Company began business in mid-winter, January 17, in the mid-century, 1850. But snow is a commodity hard to come by in Vermont, *in July*. Indeed, for the past two winters we haven't been sure of it even in January.

The opportunity made available to us of the National Life in the flattering offer of The Newcomen Society to give us a birthday party was one which we grasped eagerly. To be guests on this memorable occasion of so distinguished a host was a delightful prospect! Moreover, the knowledge that that personification of Newcomen in North America, Dr. Charles Penrose, and his staff would be in charge of arrangements guaranteed for these a quality otherwise hardly to be obtained.

It was however not simply that this date was the one suggested by Newcomen for our birthday celebration that fixed our ceremony *for this time*, but it was as well a consideration of the potentialities

of northern New England weather in the middle of January. Job is authority for an assertion that "fair weather cometh out of the north," but conventional January temperatures in northern Vermont did not seem as calculated to make the maximum of warmth desirable for birthday festivities as would six months later, however Job's statement should have been justified.

The National Life Insurance Company was organized in 1848 by act of the Vermont Legislature, to do a national business. It is perhaps an item of passing interest that this charter was granted by the Vermont Legislature to the founders of the company after a similar request made in several other States had been turned down. Of all legal reserve companies now doing business in the United States of America, 585 in number, *only eight* were organized *before* the National Life!

Perhaps it would help us to get a proper perspective of the institution of life insurance to take a quick look backward to the geographical, political, and economic climate in which this seed was planted, and in which it was nurtured so well that it grew to be one of the principal social institutions of America. Let us take the year 1850 as our beginning date, simply because that is the date which my own company takes as its real birthday, because that was the year in which its first policy was sold. At that time, Millard Fillmore was the President of the United States. The Civil War had not yet been thought of. A Whig administration was in power, having been elected to office on a platform dedicated to the building up of a distinctly American type of civilization in a day when platforms and political parties really meant something. The entire population of the Country was 23,191,876; and there were only 30 stars in the American flag.

In those days we were chiefly an agricultural population. The ownership of land was an important factor in attainment of economic and social status. We had no social security, no unemployment compensation benefits, no wages-and-hours laws, no Taft-Hartley Act, or even a Wagner Act, no old-age insurance. In fact, we had almost none of the things deemed today *to be important for security*. Neither did we have any Federal income tax or State income tax. On the contrary, we did have a deeply-grounded philosophy that it was a man's duty and responsibility to look after his own security and that of his family. It was in that rugged atmosphere that life insurance was born in this Country.

The plagues which followed the American Revolution in several of the larger cities of the Country caused a heavy mortality, and

may very likely have discouraged formation of life insurance companies. When life insurance did take root in this hemisphere, there was still an echo of objections raised in Europe more than a century before. Life insurance was long regarded as obnoxious from a moral and religious standpoint. Of course, in early days, *anyone* could take out insurance on anyone he pleased, regardless of insurable interest in the person. In Europe, this developed as a real evil of gambling; and some countries, for a time, prohibited life insurance. It was held that man was beyond price. "The Life of man is not an object of trade. It is odious for his death to become a matter for mercantile speculation. Such wagers are of sad augury and may occasion crimes." Even in Montpelier, when the National Life organized, there were still echoes of the philosophy that there was something immoral and ungodly about the life insurance idea. The scheme was also looked upon as socialistic.

From these difficult beginnings the institution of life insurance has come a long way!

On the first day of January 1950, there were over *213 billion dollars* of life insurance in force in this Country, insuring the lives of over *80 millions* of our people. When we take into account the beneficiaries of these 80 millions of people and the children of the beneficiaries who are beneficiaries in a real sense, even though not named in the policies, it conservatively has been estimated that out of 140 millions of people *more than 100 millions* have a direct and personal interest in life insurance. During the 100 years of the growth of this business, it is difficult to conceive of any institution of American life that has brought more of tranquillity to millions in the sunset of life than has the institution of life insurance.

The Scotch have a proverb: "A day to come seems *l*anger than a year that's *g*ane." Surely the Year 2050—a century ahead of us—seems much further away than the Year 1850—for the century *behind* us is one in which we have all played at least some small part. Judging from the speed with which we now are advancing the frontiers of Science, I would burst the hinges of my imagination if I so much as tried to guess where we will be *in 2050*. These digits have a suggestion of unreality. They even sound unlike *a date*—but more like a telephone number. I will therefore avoid prophecy, and deal simply with retrospection.

There are many things that offer contrast between this middle of the 20th Century and the middle of the 19th Century. For one, I think of railroads. The upspringing of mutual legal reserve life

insurance companies in this Country was almost exactly coincident with the beginning of our railways. One flippantly may suggest that perhaps the insurance idea was a natural accompaniment of the risks thought to be involved when a ride upon the rails "at savage and headlong speed" was almost as daring a novelty as is today to break the sonic barriers.

Both the locomotive and life insurance came to us by *way of England!* Thomas Newcomen, after whom and in honor of whom this international Society takes it name, had a very early and unwitting part in promoting railways. He was a Dartmouth man! That is, he was born in and lived in Dartmouth in England; his life span: 1663-1729. He majored in black-smithing and pioneered in the invention of the steam pumping-engine—used to take water out of mines, fifty years before James Watt invented the modern condensing steam engine, suggested to him while repairing a Newcomen model at Glasgow's University.

My friend, Edward S. French, who today has presented me to you, has had practically a life-long association with railway management; and he, if not the rest of you, will be interested if I recall the fact that the most exciting transportation race ever seen in Vermont came to a photofinish *less than a month* before the National Life Insurance Company began business.

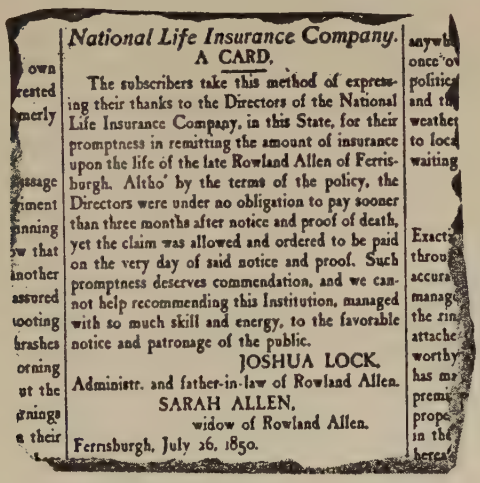
The race started right here in the town of Northfield, Vermont, where, on January 28, 1846, on ex-Governor Charles Paine's farm where the Northfield railway depot now stands, Paine himself broke ground for the building of the *Vermont Central Railroad*, designed to link Boston with Montreal, with the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

Meanwhile, the *Rutland & Burlington Railroad* was pushing North, and over this route the first train from Boston reached Burlington, Vermont, on December 18, 1849, while the *Vermont Central*, delayed by labor trouble and bridge-building across the Winooski, came through with its first train *about two weeks later.*

Governor Paine was a chief promoter of the *Vermont Central*, and his influence led to diversion of the railroad from the Winooski Valley, down the Dog River to Northfield, instead of down the Williamstown gulf. The railway's repair shops were erected on part of the Paine farm—in fact, Northfield was to become the railway's headquarters and overnight stop, for early trains ran only in the daytime, all contributing doubtless, by chance, to the profit of Paine's Northfield hotel. Thus it would appear that thanks to Governor

Paine's solicitude for this, his home-town, the Capital of Vermont and the home-office city of National Life were cut off the main line of the railway map, for all time.

When the National Life began selling life insurance, on January 17, 1850, rail travel to Boston was a novelty only a few weeks old. In 1850, there were no rails west of the Mississippi. It was not until 1852 that one could travel from Boston or New York to Chicago; and then only by changing trains and railroads again and again, traveling



National Life Insurance Company.

A CARD.

The subscribers take this method of expressing their thanks to the Directors of the National Life Insurance Company, in this State, for their promptness in remitting the amount of insurance upon the life of the late Rowland Allen of Ferrisburgh. Altho' by the terms of the policy, the Directors were under no obligation to pay sooner than three months after notice and proof of death, yet the claim was allowed and ordered to be paid on the very day of said notice and proof. Such promptness deserves commendation, and we cannot help recommending this Institution, managed with so much skill and energy, to the favorable notice and patronage of the public.

JOSHUA LOCK,
Administr. and father-in-law of Rowland Allen.

SARAH ALLEN,
widow of Rowland Allen.

Ferrisburgh, July 26, 1850.

on rough unballasted roadbed, in crude cars drawn by wood-burning locomotives, which at first, as I have said, ran in the day-time only.

While these transportation notes contrast sharply with present-day speed, variety and comforts of travel, there are a few other flash-backs to 1850 worthy of hurried noting:

In our home-office today, we are introducing the very latest improvements in artificial lighting, whereas, up to 1850, the candle or whale-oil lamp were all the types of light available in these parts. I have recently seen reproduced advertisements in the early 1850's, full of exclamation points and superlatives, about the newly-discovered *coal oil* (at $1 a gallon) and newly invented coal-oil lamps. Artificial gas was just coming in. The Capitol in Washington had it; but, in general, the new gas was feared as much as an atom bomb is today.

That the postage stamp was then a novelty, introduced by the Washington government only three years before 1850, will surprise some. The sewing machine was being much talked about, but had not as yet been much used. The Mormons, of Vermont origin under

Brigham Young, had, in 1850, been settled *for only three years* in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. All of Manhattan Island above 42nd Street was still open country. New York police, although organized in 1844, were not put into uniforms until 1853. Prior to 1850, no two watches were *alike*—being handmade and key-wound. The interchangeable machine-made parts, leading to mass production of watches, were just beginning to be made. The Industrial Revolution was well under way. The making of goods in the home had begun to shift to the making of almost everything *in factories*. The great rise in textile manufacturing had begun in New England. Hundreds of Vermont girls were shortly to find employment in the woolen mills of Lowell.

Stephen C. Foster was "in the money" in a truly big way for the era, following the publication, in 1850, of his *Old Folks at Home*. The *New York Times* began business a year later—1851—founded by Raymond, of Vermont connection, but it remained a relatively unimportant paper for a long time, eclipsed by the *New York Tribune*, founded by Horace Greeley, also of Vermont background, in 1841.

New York City, flourishing particularly since the Erie Canal opened in 1825, had a population of 1,750,000 (including the now borough of Brooklyn), which made it double the size of Philadelphia, its nearest competitor. The first Women's Rights Convention in the world had recently been held, in 1848, in Seneca Falls, New York. Land clearance was still one of the problems of the generation—*instead of re-forestation*—and one of the heralded inventions was Stewart's Patent Stump Machine which would pull 100 stumps in a day.

An event, the portent of which was little recognized at the time, was the publication by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, exiles in London, in the very year our company was chartered (1848), of their Communist Manifesto.

In our own Country, we were but lately finished with the Mexican War, wholly unpopular in Vermont. The Country's slogan was "Manifest Destiny," implying God's Blessing upon the idea that the United States of America should spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and California became a State the very year our company began business.

Thoreau was conducting a one-man revolution against taxpaying, living as a hermit-author in his hut on Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts. Hawthorne was writing *The Scarlet Letter;* Emerson, *Representative Men;* and Dickens, *David Copperfield.*

Japan was wholly isolationist—a closed door to the western world—not to be opened up to us by Commodore Perry until 1854—and it's now natural to ask: "Why did he?"

So much for the general background of the times when the National Life began business—now for a few notes from our own family album:

"He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors." This quotation from Voltaire fittingly introduces a brief history of our company in our recent 100th annual report, and that summary fairly suits our purpose now. The National Life Insurance Company has served the Country well, and its performance today speaks eloquently enough of its past. Today, it has a family of nearly a million members—200,000 policyholders *plus* all the direct or indirect relatives who may, in one way or another, have an interest in the more than a billion dollars of benefits now represented by our insurance-in-force account. In the century just ended, we have written a million policies and annuity contracts. Although we have had at risk two billion and sixty-one million dollars on insurance alone, never has there been a single default in payments of any claim, over this hundred-year period.

It is a matter of wonderment to many, even to ourselves, how the National Life Insurance Company, operating from one of the smallest States and smallest cities of the Country, has become such a truly national institution.

Happily, but by wholly unintentional coincidence, the date of January 17, 1850, on which we wrote our first policy, was the 144th Anniversary of the birth of Dr. Benjamin Franklin (a great favorite of our American Newcomen)—apostle of thrift, on which account that day (our birthday) has become known in many States as *Thrift Day*.

Franklin, as he explained in his *Autobiography*, had "pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors." If you, Dr. Penrose, and The Newcomen Society, here present in Vermont today to do us honor will permit, I shall meet the obligation to present a short sketch of some of our founding fathers:

Although ours is a Vermont company, it was Mr. Benjamin Balch of Massachusetts who introduced to Vermonters the idea of founding a National Life Insurance Company. Mr. Balch was actually a man of vision who had been prominently identified for many years with fire and marine insurance companies in Boston and New York. He was author, in 1844, of a prospectus for a general banking and revenue law of striking resemblance to the National Banking Act of 1862; he

drafted a bill for a railroad and magnetic telegraph to the Pacific; for over 50 years he advocated the Darien ship canal. But, what most concerns us, he was one of the first promoters of legal reserve life insurance.

During the Years 1843–48, several such mutual companies were founded in New York City, Boston, Newark, Worcester, Hartford, and Philadelphia. Most of these companies were named after their respective States. One of them, the State Mutual in Worcester, Massachusetts, Mr. Balch had been instrumental in founding.

But he still yearned for a company *more national* in scope, with big names behind it. He sought in several States and even in Congress itself to get a charter for his projected National Life Insurance Company. Since *one* life insurance company was then thought to be enough for any one State, Mr. Balch failed to get recognition from any of the legislatures in States wherein companies had been chartered. Congress also proved indifferent, although he had the renowned Henry Clay's name right up front as one of the proposed incorporators.

It was Balch's idea to have a company not only National in name, but to have men of national importance behind it. In the Summer of 1848, a year and a half before the Vermont Central Railroad came through, Mr. Balch, failing to get legislative recognition in any other State, came to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, and began interesting a group of local citizens in the then novel benefits of life insurance. The legislature then met in the Autumn—and, on the last day of the session—November 13, 1848, Mr. Balch and associates were granted the desired charter.

It was signed by Governor Carlos Coolidge, of remote relation to President Calvin Coolidge. Two of the incorporators were Robert Pierpont, President of the Vermont Senate and William C. Kittredge, Speaker of the Vermont House. The latter was soon to become the Company's first president.

To get a glimpse of the *men of national renown* introduced by Mr. Balch as incorporators, one has only to glance at the first section of the charter, which names:

"The Hon. Henry Clay of Kentucky, Hon. Amos Abbott of Massachusetts, Hon. Robert P. Dunlap of Maine, Hon. William B. Maclay of New York, Hon. William M. Tredway of Virginia, Hon. Alexander Ramsay of Pennsylvania, Hon. Henry Y. Cranston of Rhode Island, William C. Kittridge, Robert Pierpoint, Julius Converse, and Albert G. Whittemore of Vermont, and Benjamin Balch, Esq., of Massachusetts, together with their present and future

associates, successors or assigns, are hereby made a corporation by the name of the National Life Insurance Company—etc."

Thus, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Maine, New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island, in addition to Vermont, were to be represented in the new company to give it a *national* flavor. Whereas the prominent men like Clay and others may have permitted Mr. Balch to use their names as incorporators, few of them seemingly participated to any extent in the actual founding of the company. Henry Clay was then absorbed in his ambition to become President of the United States. It was Zachary Taylor, however, hero in the Mexican War, who was nominated and elected.

The group of Vermonters which participated actively in organizing the company fortunately included Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, a country doctor, living at the time directly opposite the State Capitol in Montpelier. Inasmuch as he worked so energetically in spreading the gospel of life insurance and was for twenty-six years the President of the Company, he is generally regarded as The Founder. This is particularly because Mr. Balch, shortly before the company began business, was dropped from the Company's directorate. The Vermonters apparently were suspicious of the promoting type; and it was voted that he had "transcended his powers and neglected his duties" (as Secretary). He was by nature an eccentric, and the Vermonters finding it difficult to get along with him simply took over, and went ahead with the organization of the Company.

In addition to Dr. Dewey, the first directors included Daniel Baldwin, projector and later President of the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company, founded in 1826; Paul Dillingham, distinguished lawyer and member of Congress; and others, local lawyers and bankers. Mr. Baldwin became the first policyholder of the Company. Whereas the National Life today is housed in a five-story building of Rock of Ages granite where five hundred men and women are employed, the first home-office was a single, low-posted room on the second floor of a small brick building which was the first home office of the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

It had been one of the requirements of the charter that subscriptions for $200,000 of insurance must be in hand before policies were written. Many of these subscriptions came, in 1849, from Vermonters who proposed to join in the great Gold Rush to California. When life insurance was written on such adventurers, however, the company required an *extra* premium.

The *first* death claim was on the life of Rowland Allen, a Vermonter,

who died on board ship in San Diego Harbor, California, May 15, 1850. Such was the slowness of communication in those days that news of his death was not received in Vermont until July. Thereupon, the company immediately paid the claim; and the Widow Allen immediately inserted in Vermont newspapers *A Card of Thanks*. It may be observed that, if this custom was followed by all beneficiaries of life insurance today, the newspapers would be overwhelmed by evidence of the value of life insurance benefits.

Dr. Dewey's interest in life insurance arose from the fact that, like any country doctor of the time, he well knew the distress of the bereaved when left without a breadwinner. He, himself, would not have become a doctor, probably, had it not been for an odd circumstance of his boyhood. When a lad of sixteen, living on his father's farm, he boastfully undertook one day to make a record of pitching hay. He handled sixteen loads in half a day, but to his hurt. He was taken with severe pains which made him an invalid for some time and, during that confinement, he decided to study Medicine. He was one of the first graduates of the new medical college at the University of Vermont. He was 49 years old when he identified himself with the National Life Insurance Company, and gave up his successful medical practice to give full time to the life insurance business.

He was the father of Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, and of two other sons, one of whom, Charles, succeeded him as President of the National Life, and Edward, who was for long a Vice-President and director of the Company. For over half a century, members of this distinguished family figured prominently in and advantageously to the affairs of the Company. During the entire century the Company has had only eight Presidents.

The Company, as I have said, was one of the first mutual legal reserve companies in the Country. It is unique in its rural background; which has resulted in a thrifty management, low operating costs, and a low net cost of life insurance protection.

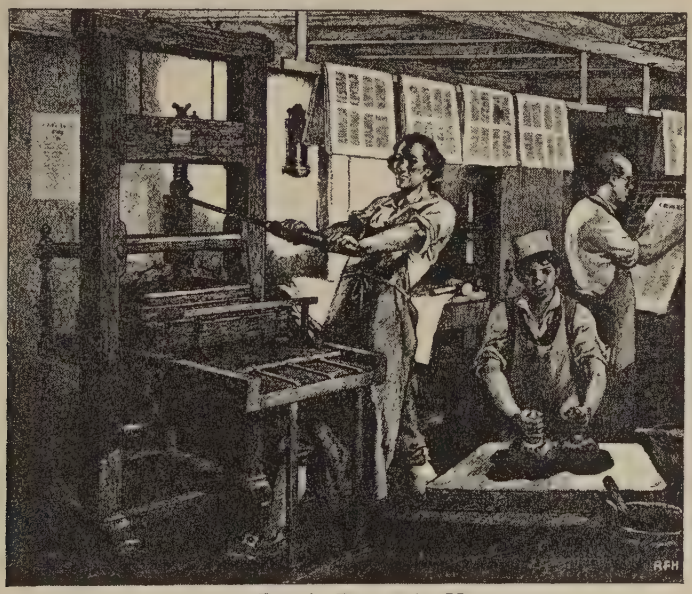
About one-tenth of the Company's assets is invested in government bonds. Over sixty percent is used for mortgage loans, enabling nearly 50,000 families to own their own homes. Most of the rest is used for investments in American Industry, both large and small, and this money not only earns interest for the policyholders, but helps industry grow and expand, contributing to the constant improvement of the American standard of living.

In a speech made by Vice-President Barkley recently, he said that "no institution, outside the church itself, outside the consola-

tions of religion, has contributed more to the life, liberty and happiness of the American people, than the great life insurance companies of the United States."

Today, we of the National Life family looking back over a century of effort and contemplating the accomplishments of our predecessors and associates, feel ourselves justified in the pride we have in the substantial contribution this Company has made, through life insurance and annuities, to the financial security of the American People.

To an individual *a century* all but rarely completes life's story. But to an institution such as ours, *a hundred years* is but a beginning! Based upon the record of the past, it is an assuring thought that the National Life Insurance Company, whose centennial you are helping us celebrate today, may thrive in the interests of its great and growing family *through centuries to come!*



Stephen Daye's Press—in Vermont

"Vermont's treasured relic, preserved by the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier, is the Stephen Daye press, the *first* press used in America. It was brought from England to Harvard College in 1638, and later used at Westminster, Vermont, to print Vermont's first newspaper."

—*Ernest Martin Hopkins*

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

We issue a special invitation to our members and their friends to contribute to this department. While "tall stories" and folklore material are strictly barred, short articles based on sound data, interesting extracts from old diaries, letters, and similar documents, even versions of past events based on memories of an older generation, will be given a generous welcome. We will do the editing or rewriting if necessary.—EDITOR.

1. ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN A VERMONT COMMUNITY *by* H. J. CONANT

STATISTICS *are useful and often final in charting the curve of change in any community—historians of our local historical societies take note—and they are often the decisive answer to much guessing. Here are notes, kindly supplied by H. J. Conant, State Librarian, covering the town of East Montpelier for the years between 1850 and 1950. A complete statistical study of the entire state for the period is in preparation.* Editor.

The population was 1447 in 1850, 1129 in 1950. The number of children in school has decreased about 60 per cent (442 to 181). In 1850 there were 20 foreign born, today about 70.

In 1850 there were three ministers and three doctors in the town; today there are no ministers or doctors.

The deaths are enlightening as to health conditions. Although the number of deaths was nearly the same in both years, in 1850 there were five deaths of children under seven whereas in 1949 there was only one. In 1850, there were five deaths of people over 60, last year twelve deaths of such persons.

The agricultural statistics have changed materially. To mention a few, there were only one-half as many cows in 1850 as today, and nearly all the milk was made into butter and cheese in equal quantities. In 1850, there were 330 horses, 3,658 sheep, and 235 oxen, whereas all are virtually non-existent today.

In 1850, all but nine farms produced maple sugar, and in some years nearly 100,000 pounds were produced.

In 1850, wages of farm hands were $12 per month, today probably about $100. A day laborer received $1 a day, and domestic help was $1 a week, which was also the salary of the average woman teacher. Board and room were $1.50 a week.

The financial statistics of government are most surprising. The grand list was $4,092 in 1850, today it is $9,053, but taxes in 1850 were $2,428, (including a State tax of $601), whereas today they are $46,500 (*not* including the income tax, State and U. S.). The *school tax* in 1850 was $299 while today it is $16,748 with an equal *additional* amount of State Aid. The road tax in 1850 was $833; today it is $7,695 which does not include the State Aid and maintenance costs on state roads.

2. THE SALMON DUTTON HOUSE *by* LEON S. GAY
President, Vermont Historical Society

IN THE SUMMER OF 1949, the Honorable Redfield Proctor presented to the Vermont Historical Society the Salmon Dutton House in Cavendish, Vermont, which was the home of his great great-grandmother.

The Society is greatly interested in preserving significant old homes, but since we have no funds to devote to this purpose, we brought it to the attention of Shelburne Museum, Inc., at Shelburne, Vermont, as an outstanding unspoiled early house, the maternal home of one of the most noted families in Vermont—a family which has produced four Governors, a United States Senator, and a Secretary of War in President Benjamin Harrison's cabinet. They agreed with us that it would make a splendid addition to their project.

With the consent of Mr. Proctor, the house was given to Shelburne Museum, Inc., this Spring with the proviso that it would be torn down and carefully re-erected as a part of the early Vermont village which is rapidly taking shape in Shelburne.

This home is a two and a half story wooden building, built around a large central chimney, and is similar to a "salt box" in design, but with an ell running off at an angle to the main house. A central entrance is defined by a simple porch and a panelled front door hung on long strap hinges with pintles. The lower pintle is offset so that when the door swings open, it clears the floor by several inches. Inside is a small entrance hall with steep narrow stairs following the side of the huge central chimney.

Quite typical are the large cornerposts projecting into the rooms, wide pine panelling, and vertical feather-edged pine boards fitting into the receding bricks of the chimney.

Fascinating as the house is, to fully appreciate it, you have to know the people who built it and who made it a home.

Salmon Dutton came to Vermont with his wife Sarah from Ashby, Massachusetts, in 1781. He built this house in 1782, the first building in lower Black River Valley, now the Village of Cavendish. Soon the early settlement became known as "Duttonsville," a name still used to denote the old No. 7 school district.

Like many Vermont towns, Cavendish was first settled on the hills (1761) near the Crown Point Road, but Salmon was the pioneer in the valley. He was selectman 1782–85, the first Justice of the Peace, moderator of town meeting, and Town Treasurer 1782–93. He surveyed the first road to Ludlow in 1784 which became in 1798 part of the Green Mountain turnpike (a toll-road) from Rutland to Bellows Falls. This route from Cavendish south was over Dutton hill—a steep grade in the rear of the present Rutland Railroad station.

Salmon was a Universalist and was exempted from the town Church tax in 1792 because he "did not belong to the sect of the preacher." In 1802 he and ten others, including his sons, dissented from the action of the town in voting four cents on the dollar to build a church.

He was interested in education, for, on April 5, 1812, he subscribed $7,500 (1/3 money and 2/3 labor or material) for building "Cavendish Academy." This was the largest gift received.

Two years before Salmon Dutton built his house, Capt. Leonard Proctor built his home two miles west in what is now known as "Proctorsville." Proctor and his sons, John and Jabez, did not like to pay toll to the Dutton's when they used the Cavendish part of the Green Mountain turnpike; so they built a "shun pike" to Gassetts via Proctorsville gulf, now a part of route 103. This started a feud between the two families, their descendants, and the two villages which lasted for years.

There are four fireplaces with stone lintels and two Dutch ovens, one of which is at the right of the large kitchen fireplace where all the heavy cooking was done, and a smaller oven in the adjoining room used by my lady for dainty baking. In the basement is a wine cellar with hand-hewed arched beams.

Under layers of wall paper in several rooms was found some beautiful stencilling of unusual design in soft colonial colors, and over the fireplace in one of the bedrooms is a stencilled "sun-burst" which is to be preserved intact.

The clapboards are hand-shaved and painted old colonial red with white trim for windows, corner boards and doors. The original paint was ochre which abounds in the state. This was mixed with skimmed milk or vinegar which made a cheap, weather resisting paint.

Undoubtedly the wood for the house which is hewed or vertically sawed, was taken from first growth trees which were cut when the farm land was originally cleared.

A magnificent elm as old as the house stands as guardian of the property. It is located in the rear fifty feet from where the ell joins the main building, making not only a satisfying background for the old home, but a live token of gracious living long past and almost forgotten. It is interesting to note that "In the early days this house was a tavern, the sign being painted on the little porch, which is still standing; a picture representing the good dame of the house presenting a 'mug of flip' to a thirsty traveler. About 1832 this painting was obliterated." [*Black River Gazette*, April 15, 1875; article by Capt. Henry Atherton.]

An interesting story which has come down through the years is that when the stage coach came to the top of Dutton hill on the Green Mountain Turnpike en route to Rutland, the driver would sound on his horn a number of toots to indicate how many passengers he had who would wish food. This enabled the tavern-keeper to set the proper number of places at the table.

To quote the late Senator Redfield Proctor whose wife was Emily Dutton, great great-granddaughter of Salmon Dutton: "Both (Dutton and Proctor) found a wilderness, but thriving and pleasant villages grew up around them. They devoted themselves to subduing the wilds and to fighting each other with equal energy. That rivalry between them and their descendants, and the two villages, continued strong and earnest for 75 years. Each tried to surpass the other, and this, with all the evil, had some good results. It certainly kept their energies and ambition in full exercise. Twenty-five years ago this very week, my wife and I stood up before the minister in the old red house on the corner—now 100 years old—and promised to stop this quarrel so far as we were concerned. The old grudge would crop out once in a while after that—all on the Dutton side of course—but it is all quiet now. We named our first boy Fletcher Dutton Proctor, and if the old names and blood had the old inclination left to stir up strife, it would have created a fearful internal commotion." [*Rutland Herald and Globe*, Thursday, May 31, 1883, at the dedication of the soldier's monument given by the late Senator Proctor to the town of Cavendish.]

There has been a "heap of living" by succeeding generations of Duttons in the old family home for over 100 years. Then fifty years ago the key was turned in the door, the windows were boarded up,

and the old red house on the corner became just a memory—well preserved, thanks to the late Miss Emily Dutton Proctor and her brother Redfield—but still just a memory.

The Cavendish people are sad to lose the old house from town, but are happy to know that through the vision and foresight of Mrs. J. Watson Webb of Shelburne Museum, Inc., it will come to life again, giving joy and satisfaction to thousands of people through the coming years.

3. JUST HOW BIG IS BIGNESS *by* BURGES JOHNSON

THE OTHER DAY we were talking of Texas and the University of California and the self-esteem of certain congressmen, and other absurdly big things. But "big" after all is just a relative term, which means very little all by itself. Gulliver was a giant in Liliput, but he may have been a small or medium-sized man at home among his own people.

How big is a town? Emporia, Kans., is a little city; under 15,000, I should say. But when William Allen White was alive, it overshadowed any other city in that state in the minds of most people. Hannibal, Miss., looms large in the thoughts of men all over the world though it has never had much more than 20,000 people in it at any time—and Mark Twain.

I happen to be writing these lines in Vermont—and how big is Vermont? If you mean the physical Vermont, a mountainous piece of land containing about 9,000 square miles, two thirds covered with forest and the unforested third full of annoying small rocks, why it isn't very big. Forty-two of the forty-eight states are bigger than it is, physically speaking. In fact, it is one of half-a-dozen which have actually shrunken at one time or another. I like to remember about the two New Yorkers who were motoring through Vermont looking for the home of their ancestors. Their map indicated they must be near it, but all they saw were two men out in a field loading a hay wagon. They got out of their car and walked across the field: "Can you tell us how to get to Ebbittsville?" they called out.

The man upon the hayload leaned on his fork, spat once, looked down at them and said: "This is Ebbittsville; who do you want to see, Hank or me?"

The physical state of Vermont may be quite small; but Vermont is also a state of mind; it has a spiritual area which cannot be measured in square miles or living population. It may have fewer acres in it than

any state west of the Alleghenies, but for a century and a half it has been providing all those states with ancestors, anecdotes, maple sugar, Morgan horses, Merino sheep, standards of simple living and independence, models of legislative common sense, eggs, butter and brains.

Measured in influence, Vermont is 3,000 miles wide because of its impact on the nation; much wider than that because of the missionaries, traders and settlers it has sent across all the oceans. A few years ago I listened to an argument over in York state as to where Vermont actually ended and New York began. They finally located the line about 50 miles west of Champlain; east of that line folks knew how to make johnny cake, dunk hot biscuit in maple syrup, and create all the three great varieties of pie—open-face, crossbar and kiver-top. When you reach the geographical point where folks put a kiver-top on cranberry and cross-bar on apple, you are leaving Vermont. Go still further west and you get pies which have thick blotting paper for a bottom crust, some sort of slipper stuff flavored with perfumery in the center and a top crust made of plastic with brown varnish on it.

I ought to know how big Vermont is, with grandparents and ancestors of my wife and myself buried in various parts of it, and a lot of them probably plowed under, and what with meeting Vermonters in every corner of the country who always want to talk about it. A few years ago I started checking up on the children I played with in Rutland back in another century. Eleven out of 13 I remembered had scattered from Chicago to Arizona to South America and Algiers. Only Chat Tuttle and Edith Dunton stayed in Vermont, one to write and the other to run a rare bookshop with customers all over the world. Of the others, Willy Field ran the business end of the Chicago Tribune, helped to start the first tabloid (God forgive him!), then sold his interest and went back where he belonged and bought the Rutland Herald. Johnny Page became treasurer of the state of Arizona; Suzanne Sheldon went on the stage and was Sir Henry Irving's leading lady, and her sister married Anthony Hope, the British author. Two lived in South America and one in Algiers, and two ran western ranches. Those 13 are a fair indication of the way Vermont spreads out.

Vermont differs in many ways from all the rest of New England. It was settled by God-fearing folks, but they didn't build churches. Too many of them admitted they had left Massachusetts just to get away from long sermons. The first missionary movement in the U. S. occurred when a number of Godly people in Connecticut raised money to send missionaries to Vermont. There is reason to believe that they

were stirred up mostly because they had heard the Methodists were getting there first.

But even the Methodist evangelists and the Congregational missionaries couldn't cure the Vermont farmers of cussing. Even after they got to be church deacons they couldn't be trusted behind a plow, or a yoke of oxen. It had nothing to do with morals; just a disease of the vocabulary.

4. THREE DID "FELONIOUSLY, WILLFULLY, AND MALICIOUSLY FISH WITH A NET" IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN 1811

The old time-worn document which is printed below for your entertainment and edification—particularly if you are a hunter or fisherman or there is one in your family—came to us through the kindness of Mrs. Marguerite Merrell Henderson of Herkimer, N. Y. The text has been edited slightly for easier reading.—EDITOR.

I

Addison County S.S. To Eben Merrell, Justice of the peace of the County of Addison, comes Oliver Smith, Tithingman in said town of Addison, and on oath complaint makes that William Vanwort, Nathan Scovell of Addison, and Daniel Wood, Jonathan Wetherby of Bridport in said county of Addison, not having the fear of God before their eyes but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil on the 12th Day of May 1811, it being the Sabath or Lords Day with force and arms . . . at Addison Afd. in the county of Addison afd. feloniously willfully and maliciously did fish with a Net in Lake Champlain near chimney point in Addison Afd. against the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Vermont.

Witnesses: James Lewis—Ansell Kimball and Jerimah Hull, Dated at Addison this 22nd Day of May 1811. *Oliver Smith, Tithingman*

II

State of Vermont, Addison County S.S. To the Sheriff of Addison County his Deputy or Ether Constable of the towns of Addison or Bridport or to Abraham Burwell, an indifrant parson (*indifferent—any disinterested person, Ed.*) and return Greeting. By the authority of the State of Vermont you are hearby commanded to apprehand the bodys of the said William Vanwort of Addison and the said Daniel Wood of Breadport and have them forthwith before me the subscribing authority at my Dwelling house in Addison aforesaid that they may answer

to the foregoing Complaint and be further Dealt with according to Law given under my hand at Addison this 16 Day of August.—1811.

Ebenezer Merrell, Justice Peace.

III

Received the within complaint May the 22, 1811 . . . Ebenezer Merrell, Justice Peace.

Addison County. Addison June the first 1811 Parsonally appeared the within naimed Jonathan Wetherby and poot himself on trail and pled guilty to the within Complaint it is Considered that he pay a fine of one Dollar and fifty cents cost to the treasurer of the town of Addison before me

Ebenezer Merrell, Justice Peace

Addison County June the 5th 1811 Parsonally appeared the within naimed Nathan Scovil and put himself on the Cort for trail and pled guilty to the within complaint it is Considered that he pay a fine of one Dollar and fifty cents Cost to the treasurer of the town of Addison before me

Ebenezer Merrell, Justice Peace

Addison County S.S. at a justices Cort holden at Addison the 6th 1811 before Ebenezer Merrell one of the justices of the peace for the county of Addison the within naimed Daniel Wood was present and put himselfe on the Cort for the trial it is Considered he is guilty of a breach of Sabath and that he pay a fine to the treasurer of the town of Addison a fine of one Dollar and eighty cents cost before me

Ebenezer Merrell, Justice Peace

Addison County . . . Addison September the 6th 1811 at a justices Cort holden at Addison within and sd. county before Ebenezer, Justice Peace the within naimed William Vanwort was present in Cort and was put to Plead to the within complaint and plead guilty to the aforesd complaint it is considered by the Cort that he is guilty of a breach of Sabbath that he pay a fine of one Dollar and one Dollar and eleaven cents to the treasurer of the town of Addison before me

Ebenezer Merrell, Justice Peace

The above fines and costs are setled and paid.

IV

Addison September 3rd 1811 then by virtue of the within warant i took the body of the with naimed William Vanwort and Daniel Wood and have them in Cort. Abraham and endefrent person fees travill 10 miles.

Folklore Department

LEON W. DEAN, *Editor*
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

The Hermit Preacher

[*Papers of Charles Scott and other residents of Plymouth.*]

When the first church was built at Plymouth Kingdom, sometimes called Clark's Kingdom, it was stipulated by Deacon Daniel Clark, who gave the land, that services must be held at least once a year in order to retain title to the property. All went well for many years, but in time the old folks passed on and interest in the church died out. The windows became broken, and by 1875 the once sturdy clapboard structure, with its high pulpit and straight box pews, was falling apart.

About this time a brilliant but eccentric minister, Rev. Mason Moore, came to Plymouth and took up residence in a small cabin on the glebe land. He was a college graduate and a nephew of Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke College, but he had some queer ways. Being an ordained minister, he often preached in the Plymouth church, his ragged clothes flapping in the breeze from the broken windows.

His parcel of land, which bordered on the Crown Point Road, was poor and undeveloped at best, and with his strange theories about farming he was often on the verge of starvation. He told a neighbor that a lot of time and rails were wasted in fence-making, and accordingly he tethered his oxen by the horns with long rope. When one of them strangled, he explained the accident by saying that the animal was very stupid anyway. His method of planting potatoes was to chop them fine, scatter them on the ground, and harrow them in. When his crops were poor, he concluded the land was not suited to them. One year he decided to make some maple syrup; and when some of the trees did not give any sap, it was found that he had tapped several elm trees.

Once when he decided he wanted new pants, he was not satisfied with material in nearby towns, so went to the city for a fine piece of black broadcloth. Instead of having the pants tailored, he spread the cloth on the floor, lay down on it, and traced around himself with

chalk. Then he cut out two pieces and sewed them together to produce a most unusual garment in which to preach his very eloquent sermons.

One day, a passer-by saw smoke pouring from a chamber window and rushed in to rescue the reverend, only to find that he had put the stovepipe up through the ceiling because the chimney didn't draw well. He raised and trained a pair of steers. They went pretty well for him, but no one else could drive them, for they did not go by the usual signals. On a wintry Sunday he would turn his pants around so the worn knees would not show from the front, hitch his oxen to a dilapidated cart, don a double shawl in place of an overcoat, and drive away to preach.

Probably his wool moccasins caused the greatest commotion of all. The wool took up so much room when worn on the inside that they were too small, and so he made them up with the wool on the outside. After the first snow came, he made a track like nothing ever seen before around Plymouth, and for a while wild tales were told of the prehistoric monster that was roaming around the "Kingdom."[1]

—&—

A Hundred Years Ago

[*Weather and planting data recorded by Dorothy L. Richardson, Vergennes, from diary of a Mr. Bristol.*]

1851

March 5—Ice went out of the Creek
May 8—Finish sowing
May 14—Finish planting potatoes
May 16—Finish planting corn
(May is listed as a cold, dry month)
June 5—Frost
June 6—Frost
June 17—Frost
July 15—Began to mow
September 14, 15, 16, 17—Frost
November 10—Snowed all day—4 inches
November 16—Good sleighing
November 25—Heavy snowfall

1852

January 1—Snow all gone
February 1—Snow 18 inches deep

February 11—Rained all day—Creek high
March 28—Ice went out of Creek
May 31—No rain to speak of this spring
July 22—Commenced haying
September 13—Very dry—No feed
November 23—Began to fodder
December 7—People plowing
December 10—Warm and pleasant as May
December 25—No sleighing

1853

March 28—Ice went out of Creek
May 16—Began to plant corn—Ground in fine order
June 7—Washed sheep
August 13—Finished haying
October 24—Snowfall—4 inches
December 8—Thanksgiving
December 18—Snowstorm

1854

January 1—Snowstorm—Rather lonely
January 3—First sleighride
February 2—No sleighing
March 13—Robins—Blue and Ground birds
March 16—Ice went out of Creek
May 22—Began to plant corn
June 1—Sheep shearing festival at Elgin
June 6—Washed sheep
July 12—Commenced haying
July 20—Very hot weather
July 22—Violent rain storm—Upset the oak tree
August 2—Finish haying
November 30—Thanksgiving
December 4—Blustering snowstorm

1855

January 9—No snow
January 13—Rain most of day
January 22—Rainy
April 9—Ice went out of Creek
May 31—A very dry month
June 28—A wet month
July 24—Began to mow
August 28—Frost

August 29—Frost
September 21—Finish haying
December 25—First sleighing

Weatherwise

If a snake runs uphill, it will rain within five hours.

The feeding of swallows near the ground denotes rain.

When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.

A curdled sky never leaves the ground dry.

If the moon's change comes near midnight, it will be fair; but if near noon, it will be foul weather.[2]

. . .

The stories of my childhood that I now remember the most clearly and with the greatest amount of pleasure are the stories my Grandmother Rowland told me. These stories were of her childhood days and also of my mother's. I shall endeavor to narrate these, as nearly as I can remember, in my grandmother's own words—Marjorie Metcalf, East Corinth.

. . .

The Diptheria Scare

I was pretty tired and had jist sit down to rock the baby to sleep. My rockin' chair was right by the kitchen winder where I could watch Lizzie when she was out playin'. She was havin' a nap this day, though, and as I rocked baby Fred he went to sleep and I was gittin' pretty dozy myself, when I heard stamping feet comin' across the yard to the house. As I peeked out the winder, a big, big, ragged, dirty tramp went by. For a minit I was so scairt I couldn't move. Then as I heard him come up the steps, I grabbed the baby's woolen shawl, wound it around my throat, and threw a corner of it over the baby's head. Bravely I went to the door, opened it, and asked him what he wanted.

"Yer knows what I want. I want money, and I want it now," he snarled at me.

Pattin' and pattin' the baby, slowly and weakly, I said, "I hain't got a cent of money. We've all been sick with diptheria, and this poor baby is still terrible sick."

You shoud-a seen that tramp turn and run out of the yard. We never did see him again, nor any other tramps for a long time. I think he told all his friends to stay away from these parts, where they had diptheria.

—&—

At the End of a Journey

This is goin' to be a sad story, Margy, my gal, but I guess I'm jist plain sad today, so ma'by I'll feel better to get it off my chest, if you must have one right now.

You never saw your great great grandpa Hood. He was a big rawboned man, with the kindest heart and the jolliest smile you ever saw. He'd allus pick me up and swing me to his shoulder and say, "How's my little gal Mandy today? Good? Course ye be." Then he'd give me a ride.

One day he had to go to Newbury to get a bag of corn ground into corn meal. Grandpa did his chores. Then he swung his bag of corn over his shoulder and started on foot for Newbury. He had promised Grandmarm he would be home before dark.

Come late afternoon, the sky clouded over and a terrible thunder shower come up. The rain seemed to come down by buckets full and settled into a pouring rain, and darkness come early that night. Grandpa had not returned, so Grandmarm put a candle in the window so Grandpa could find the way up to the house after he crossed the bridge.

He didn't come, and it was bed time, so Grandmarm went to bed, but couldn't sleep. Every little while she would get up and try to see out into the black night, and still he did not come. She was so worried, but thought he must-a stayed somewheres over night.

Still feeling pretty worried, she decided to come down to our house jist as soon as daylight come and see if Pa would go meet him. When she got down to our house and told us about Grandpa, my father started right out down to the village. As he neared the bridge, made of logs, which had been built over the river, someone said, "Oh, this is awful! Get John Hood quick. His father is dead." Pa looked, and there he was layin' on the bridge, the bag of meal still

strapped to his shoulder. Pa never got over the shock, and Grandmarm was sick for many days, and after this trouble she lived around with her children, never returning to their old home.

—&—

Folk Beliefs

(*Grandma's Scrapbook*)

FOR COLDS—

Mix lard and allspice together and butter a piece of brown paper with the mixture. Place on chest, back and front, at night, and you will find relief sure in the morning.

FOR A BAD COLD—

For a bad cold take four tablespoons of molasses, three of paragoric, two of castor oil and one of turpentine. Mix it well together. Take a teaspoon before each meal.

FOR SORE THROAT—

Cut pieces of salt pork and simmer a few moments in hot vinegar and apply to the throat as hot as possible. When this is taken off as the throat is relieved, cover with a bandage of soft flannel.[3]

He Proved It

On his big toe Zeke Skinner had a corn. When it had annoyed him as long as he could stand it, he fortified himself with a good stiff shot of whiskey, took his ax, and cut the toe off.

A neighbor, meeting him the following day, asked, "Toe hurt, Zeke?"

"Hell, no," was Zeke's reply, and to prove his point he drew back and gave a near-by stump a good swift kick.[4]

—&—

All At Once

Before the turn of the century, as soon as cold weather finally set in, farm women would bake a lot of pies and freeze them for future

use. Aunt Maria Dimick found the daily routine quite monotonous, and one day she said to her husband, "It seems to me that all I do is get meals from morning to night."

Said Uncle Dar, "If you will let me eat all the pie I want, you needn't get a single meal tomorrow."

"Not even breakfast?" queried Aunt Maria.

"No, not even breakfast," was the reply.

Telling of the incident later, Aunt Maria remarked, "Well, sir, that cuss he eat sixteen mince pies."[5]

A Sure Thing

This is a story told by an old man who lives in Swanton, and he says that the Indian remedy is a sure thing.

He said, "I had been troubled with rheumatiz for a long time, and I finally went down to the old picnic grounds (that's where the ol' Indian lived), and asked him if he could help me. He put a large stone in the bottom of a large iron kettle and put it on the fire to heat; then he filled the kettle with water. When the pot began to boil, he covered my shoulder with a large blanket and kept me there beside the kettle for some time. Now 'tis the truth I'm telling ya, I ain't never had any rheumatiz since. If ye ain't a-believin' me, ye go ask the ol' lady."[5]

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[1]Beth R. Smith, Rutland. [2] Amos J. Eaton, So. Royalton. [3] Leona G. Phillips. [4]Marion S. Rowley, Burlington. [5] Leona G. Phillips, Sheldon.

LOOKING BACKWARD

[*The following poem, submitted by Mary O. Pollard of Middlebury, was found in a scrapbook kept by the daughter of Sylvanus Bird Rockwell. There is no indication of the date when it was printed or in what paper, but, Mrs. Pollard writes, it was probably not later than 1870 as it is one of the earlier entries in the scrapbook.*]

The Ghost of Goshen

Thro' Goshen Holler, where hemlocks grow
Where rushin' rill, with a flash and flow,
Are over the rough rocks fallin',
Where fox, where bear an' catamount hide
In holes and dens in the mountain-side,
A circuit-preacher once used to ride,
An' his name was Rufus Rawlin.

He was set in his ways, an' what wus strange,
'F you argued with him he wouldn't change—
You couldn't get nothin' thro' him.
Solem' an' slow in style wus he,
Slender an' slim ez a tam'rack-tree,
An' alwuss ready to disagree
With everybody that knew him.

One night he saddled his sorel mare
An' started over to Ripton, where
He's promised to do some preachin'.
Away he cantered over the hill,
Past the schoolhouse at Capen's Mill,
The moon wus down, the spot wus still,
Save the sound o' a night-hawk screechin'.

At last he came to a dark ravine,
A feelin' kind o' queer, an' a mean
Sensation stealin' o'er him.
Old sorrel commenct to travel slow,
Then giv' a snort an' refused to go;
The parson clucked an' he hollered "Whoa!"
An' wondered what was afore him.

Then sudden to once he seemed to hear
A gurglin' groan so very near
That it scattered his senses nearly.
"Go 'ome, go 'ome!" it loudly cried;
"Go 'ome!" re-echoed the mountain-side;
"Go 'ome!" away in the distance died;
And he wisht he wus home sincerely.

An' then, afore his startled sight,
A light flasht out upon the night
That seemed to beat all creation.
Then thro' the bushes a figger stole,
With eyes o' fire an' lips o' coal,
That flustered his heart and friz his soul
With horror an' consternation.

He lost his sermon, he dropt his book,
His hair riz up an' his saddle shook
Like a saw-mill under motion.
No cry he uttered, no word he said,
But, suddenly turnin' sorrel's head,
Away an' out o' the woods he fled
Ez fast ez he could for Goshen.

Into the streets of Goshen town
The frightened parson came ridin' down
In a fearful sort o' flutter,
Swift ez a wild-goose in a gale,
With cloak that flapt like a tattered sail,
With face ez white ez a basswood pail,
Or a ball o' Winter butter.

He told the neighbors that he had seen
A fiend o' fire in Huff's Ravine,
That had driven him back to Goshen.
He told o' its deep an' dreadful groans,
O' its doleful cries an' its awful moans,
O' its flamin' eyes an' its rattlin' bones,
An' it got up a great commotion.

Wal, stranger, 'tis now menny a day
Sence Rufus Rawlin wus laid away
In the graveyard over yonder.
I wus a boy in those gay hours,
Ez full o' fun ez the Spring with showers;
'Twas me an' a son o' Jacob Powers
That got up all that wonder.

We took a punkin o' common size,
An', cuttin' some holes for the mouth an' eyes,
We gin it the right expression;
We hollered it out till its skull was thin,
It lookt ez ugly an' mean ez sin—
'Twould a scared a whole procession!

The night wuz dark ez ever was seen,
An' nothin' wus heard in Huff's Ravine
But the sound o' the water flowin'.
The parson came in a quiet way,
A smokin' his old brown pipe o' clay,
An' thinkin' o' what he wuz doin' to say
When he got to where he was goin'.

An' the ghost he saw, an' the rattlin' bones,
Were a punkin', a gourd an' some gravel stones
That gin him all o' that glory.
But never agin up the mountain-side
In the night would Rufus Rawlin ride;
An' many's the time I've laugh's till I cried
To hear him tell the story.

Postscript

"The fact is that history lies all about us if we have the eyes to see it."—ALLAN NEVINS.

One of the work-worn words in our American vocabulary is "distinguished," and it is often used, I imagine, in instances where we are inclined to supply, *sub rosa*, the harsh "extinguished." Allan Nevins and Ernest Martin Hopkins are two names that belong in the truly "distinguished" category; and their contributions in this issue represent one of the high levels seldom reached, as the years go, by any historical journal. What they have to say is, not only for today, but for far off tomorrows.

* * *

Any summary of their careers is bound to be inadequate, but I know that a brief sketch will bring information to our readers, especially our younger clan, and be useful in other ways. Professor Nevins was born in Camp Point, Ill. He was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1912. Beginning as an instructor in English, he turned to editorial work on the *New York Evening Post*, the *Nation*, the *New York Sun*, the *New York World*. In 1927–28 he was Professor of American History at Cornell University, and in 1931 joined the faculty of Columbia University where he has won world-wide recognition as a specialist in American history. He was a special representative of the Office War Information to Australia and New Zealand in 1943–44 and chief public affairs officer, American Embassy, London, 1945–46. His books are a permanent part of contemporary American history, and it is probably needless to add that he has been a winner of the Putlitzer Prize. I hope teachers, and fathers and mothers for that matter, will see to it that his address and its fresh, sound, and splendidly phrased points of view are made clear to younger readers and students. The address does not lose its vision and vitality even in impersonal print.

* * *

Doctor Ernest M. Hopkins was born in Dunbarton, N. H., in 1877. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1901, and through the many years he has been faithful to his Alma Mater, serving the college in various capacities until his election to the presidency, an office he held for twenty-one years. During the first World War and the second World War, he filled a number of important positions where his administrative and business talents had full sway. He is a director of many industrial concerns. In 1933 he was elected a director

of the National Life Insurance Company, and is now chairman of the Board. His address skilfully and accurately reviews the background of history against which the National Life has grown to major importance among the life insurance companies of the country. As in the case of the address by Professor Nevins, I hope young students in the Society family may be guided to a reading and also a study of the address. Professor Nevins and Doctor Hopkins, I am glad to say, are members of the Society.

* * *

The Historic Sites Commission, established by the legislature and held responsible for the erection of markers on historic spots, has put in a busy summer. Chairman Harris W. Soule, Vrest Orton, both members of VHS, and your Director are members of the Commission. Much constructive work has been done at Plymouth, the Hyde log cabin at Grand Isle, and plans are shaping to make the Hubbardton Battlefield one of the significant historic sites of the state. It is somewhat amusing, and at the same time, tragic that Hubbardton should have become in traditional Vermont history and memory a defeat. Actually, Seth Warner fought a superb rear-guard action. If he had failed, it is entirely within the range of probability that the entire course of the Revolution might have been changed for good or for a long bitter period. The British force under General Frazer on its way under Burgoyne's orders to sever New England from the New York action never got beyond Hubbardton.

* * *

The address by Dr. Hopkins represents the first of a series which will explore and describe various types of business and industry in the state from the historical point of view. There is plenty of evidence that few Vermonters have much of a picture of Vermont in such terms. Businesses and industries, also business localities, will be studied; and the results should form not only a phase of our history but indicate practices and procedures which have been successful and also a credit to Vermont. A specialist in business history is now preparing a study of business and industrial trends for the past one hundred years. As Dr. Hopkins suggests, geographical, economic, political climate has much to do with the success of a business; in addition, social and other human factors are important.

* * *

The Newcomen Society, under whose auspices the Vermont dinner was held, is a British organization interested in promoting friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States and also further-

ing progress in terms of the history of civilization in its material aspects. The Hon. Redfield Proctor, president of the Vermont Marble Company, and one of our members, is chairman of the Vermont Committee in the Newcomen Society of England.

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Not long ago, we sent an invitation to join the fold to a member who had been a life member for years; and the faces around the office were slightly tinted after the error was corrected by a mild reminder from the said member. I find I had placed Professor Burges Johnson, another one of the distinguished contributors to this issue, at Syracuse University—to discover later that he had departed from Syracuse fifteen years ago to become head of the English Department at Union College. Four or five years ago, he became an "emeritus," and is now living at Stamford, Vt., near the Massachusetts border. His home has the titillating name of "Fiddler's Rest."

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At the present time, October 3, twenty-eight of the leading business firms of the state have enrolled in our Institutional membership classification. The fee is ten dollars, and we hope to find our membership reaching to at least one hundred. With that support careful research studies can be initiated into what is actually a most interesting and valuable field of history—the industrial or business phase. The study of such a new phase is comparatively recent as a development, but it holds great promise, not only in terms of the past but the present. The membership is restricted to Vermont businesses or national businesses with Vermont interests. We will welcome suggestions and queries about this classification.

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Our Folklore Department, edited by Professor Dean, for many years a loyal member and curator, is popular with all of us. I find there is a tendency to use material from it in various ways without credit. While the Society's aim is to be of service to as many as possible, and in as many ways as possible, I suggest that if any material is used in papers, speeches, and so on, that credit be given to the Green Mountain Folklore Society and, of course, even if indirectly, to our Society. In these days of frenetic voices, the quieter voice of study and research, seeking to rescue from the past the moods, thought, fun, and viewpoints of other days tends to be drowned out, and a bit of friendly recognition helps.

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We are beginning to fill our editorial cupboard. Among good things

coming is "Vermont at Bull Run," by William R. Folsom, long a student of Vermont history, writing with the acumen of a legally trained mind that has caught both the mood and the action of the famous battle. Selections from articles by Mary Orendo Pollard of Middlebury College based on her careful local studies in Addison County and printed in the *Addison Independent* are also on our list; and there is also an article by Ethel Dodd Starbird on the famous Strong family and their home that merits publication. We will be glad to discuss possible themes with students and writers generally, and will welcome suggestions as to topics from our members. While the carefully documented, thoroughly scholarly article must be the mainstay of a truly historical publication, there is room for the casual, informal essay or sketch.

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The drawing of the Catamount Tavern by Mr. Sanborn is not intended to be an exact rendering of the old Tavern where the Green Mountain Boys made wassail and history, but the picture of the building itself is reasonably authentic. The catamount on its pedestal still looks with disdain in the direction of New York, but among our younger generations the old strife and bitterness has vanished. It still echoes in the conversation of the veterans of some old Vermont families who still refer to a citizen of New York as a "Yorker," and their inflection still holds over the years echoes of old, unhappy things and battles long ago.

A.W.P.

A VERMONT HISTORICAL BOOKSHELF

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price indicated. A discount of 10% is allowed members on any volume in the *Growth of Vermont Series* and on all other Society publications, with the exception of *The Vermont Story*.

1. *The Vermont Story* by Earle W. Newton. This history of the Green Mountain State, 1749–1949, presents a colorful pageant of Vermont for a century. Nearly 200 illus. 281 pps., Bibli. Index. $7.50

2. *Peacham: The Story of a Vermont Hill Town* by E. L. Bogart. A model town history, already a classic in its field. 29 illus. Bibl. Name and subject index. 482 pp. $6.00

3. *Growth of Vermont Series* (Six additional volumes are projected to complete the series)

   Volume IV. *Vermont in Quandary*, 1760–1820 by Chilton Williamson. The inside story of the famous negotiations conducted by Ira Allen to attach Vermont to Canada. 5 maps. 5 illus. 318 pp. $4.50

   Vol. VI *Social Ferment in Vermont*, 1791–1850 by David M. Ludlum. 2nd. edition. An analysis of social unrest preceding the Civil War. Index. 305 pp. $3.00

   Vol. V *Migration from Vermont* by Lewis D. Stilwell. 2nd. edition. Study of 8000 Vermonters who left their state in early years. 14 maps. 245 pp. Index. $3.00

   Vol. X *Hill Country of Northern New England* by Harold F. Wilson. A standard social and economic history of New England in the 19th and 20th centuries. 13 maps and charts. 4 ill. Bibl. $4.50

4. *Dake of Castleton* by Herbert W. Congdon. Study of Vermont's "most brilliant practitioner" of architecture. 23 illus. of early Vermont structures, exterior and interiors. 36 pp. $1.50

5. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. $1.50

6. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index 165 pp. $3.00

7. *Vermonters* by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. $1.50

8. *Neither Wealth nor Poverty: the History of the Woolen Mills of Gay Bros., 1869–1944, Tunbridge-Cavendish, Vt.* Illus. 148 pp. $2.50

9. *The Upper Connecticut: Narratives of its Settlement and its Part in the Revolution.* 2 vols. 300 pp.; 286 pp. ($2.25 per vol.) $4.50

10. *The Story of a County Medical College: a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827–1856* by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. $4.50

11. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. $1.25

12. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. $3.00

13. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. $3.00

14 *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. $3.50

15 *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding Maps. $6.00

16. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding Maps. $5.00

17. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. $1.50

18. *Vermont Imprints Before 1800* by Elizabeth F. Cooley. 133 pp. $1.50

19. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont*. Folio, 233 pp. $3.00

20. *Vermont State School Administration* by John C. Huden. Appendices. Bibl. Index. $4.50